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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1910.

Looking Backward to 1882.

Henry Watterson, in a characteristic and illuminating review of the New York political situation in the Courier-Journal, predicts a Democratic landslide akin to that of 1882. Recalling the memorable contest of twenty-eight years ago, he says:
"The old guard of that day, led by Campbell and Platt, backed by Arthur, had put up Judge Folger, then Secretary of the Treasury, for governor. He was, as Mr. Stimson, the present Republican nominee, is an able and popular man. The half-brothers—that is, the Blaine-Garfield crowd—were, not loud but deep, and to the tune of at least 100,000 stayed away from the polls.
"Cleveland carried the State by nearly 50,000. A sensitive man, who was so humiliated that he took to his bed and actually died of a broken heart, his friends declared. Two years later the Democrats again carried New York against Blaine, the Republican schism having widened in both directions."
Sweeping as it was, that contest, Mr. Watterson tells us, "lacked the resonance of the revolt and outcry provoked by the conduct, the methods, and the speeches of Mr. Roosevelt," and if surface indications are to be accepted, this is not an overdrawn statement of the case. Certainly, the signs all point to a landslide second only to that of 1882, if not as overwhelming.

But while the rout of the Republicans in 1882 was followed two years later by another Democratic victory in New York State, which enabled the party to gain the Presidency, Mr. Watterson's memory lapses a trifle when he says the Republican schism by 1884 had "widened in both directions." On the contrary, it had disappeared so rapidly in two years that Cleveland's majority of 192,000 for governor was reduced to a bare plurality of 1,590 in his race for the Presidency. And everybody knows that but for the Burchard incident, which cost Blaine thousands of votes, Cleveland would not have been elected President in 1884.

It is well, in considering history, not to overlook history. The political results of 1882 and 1884 teach us how in a short space of time New York may be moved from an extreme back to its normal state.
We quite agree with Editor Watterson that a landslide is impending. The G. O. P. has been persistently inviting a rebuke. It has done much to deserve it. But there will be less partizan significance in the outcome of next Tuesday's voting than in any former election in history, and nobody can tell what mood the now aroused and independent American electorate may be in by 1912.

"Does the \$200,000 estate left by Mark Twain speak well for literature?" asks an exchange. Sure it does! But, then, not every successful author can boast of so good an adviser as the late H. H. Rogers.

What's in a Name?

Names are for the purpose of identification. Without appellations to distinguish one from another, we would be handicapped, and, in fact, the whole world would be at a standstill. For convenience, we number our convicts, and in large manufacturing establishments numbers are often used instead of names in listing employees. This is reducing the matter to simplicity itself. Such a perfect system is not possible in the world at large, but, nevertheless, the suggestion is not lost. The more directness and the greater facility in use of names, the more readily we can transact business and the more convenient will be social intercourse.

When, after his arrival in America, Giuseppe Neapolitano or Ivan Iskofski does something to make his name immortal, it is a credit to himself and a pleasure for us. America welcomes such citizens as can be of benefit to the country, no matter where they come or what combination of letters spells their names. But with all due respect to these suppositional immigrants, one might ask if their careers would be in any way impaired had they dropped their native cognomens, as they dropped their native costumes and customs, on coming to this country.

A custom-house for the prevention of smuggling of foreign names into American households might be suggested. Why Ivan, when plain, good old John will suffice? Why Giuseppe or Luigi, when we have "something just as good" in Joseph or Louis? What a boon to the poor, overworked linotype, if to no one else, should Pietro simmer down to the everyday, recognizable Peter!

Suppose it had been Giovanni Cieniesi, instead of Jack Combs, who had won honors in the recent baseball championship contests. What a struggle for the umpires, team mates, scorers, and last of all, the urinals on the street trying their "baseball uristics." We do not believe a Giovanni could have accomplished,

in winning his way to the hearts of the baseball public, that which a simple, plain Jack did.

But it is not all with the immigrants in this question of names. We have some oddities ourselves. Why are the Browns, Whites, Blacks, and Greens so common, when so seldom hears of such family names as Carmine, Yellow, Indigo, or Blue? Why the discrimination? Isn't one color of the glorious rainbow as beautiful as another?

Then we have Lions, Foxes, and Wolves, who cover pages in the directories of every city. Why overlook the Elephant, the Armadillo, the Kangaroo, and other just as plentiful animals in the selection of cognomens?

We have our Anglo-Saxon ancestors to blame for this, but why they "played favorites" is not apparent. The immigrant, too, may cherish the names of his ancestors and be loth to part with them as easily as he casts aside other indigenous qualities.

A custom-house for foreign names and a clearing-house for our own cognomens is the answer.

Arrangements for the coronation now may proceed. King George has been adopted by the Boston "Ancient and Honorable."

Spread of Our Language.

Just at this time, when Washington public schools are proposing to take up the study of Spanish, with a view to helping to get in touch with the 67,000,000 of Spanish-speaking people to the south of us, an equally earnest attempt is noticeable among many of these very people to master our language for the like purpose of getting in touch with us. This is most conspicuous just now in the case of progressive little Paraguay, where the authorities are going to make the study of English compulsory in the lower grades of the public schools. Hitherto the interest there has been largely confined to the older pupils of private schools and to business and professional men who have been studying it privately.

China, too, has made our language the official court language; which action must inevitably, in time, greatly facilitate our commercial and diplomatic intercourse. Japan is having her lingual troubles; and a committee has explained to the world a system which has been devised to simplify the appalling intricacies of the Japanese language, which are almost beyond belief. She is not yet quite ready to follow the example of her near neighbor in the adoption of English beyond the natural growth of that language within her borders as an accomplishment or as a trade asset, because of the peculiar habit of mind which betrays itself in the grotesque attempts of the Japanese to speak our language. Still the spread of English throughout Asia is now progressing so rapidly that many of the other nations of Europe are almost inclined, in their disappointment, to regard this extension as the greatest of "yellow perils" to them.

It is only natural that the United States should view all of this removal of what has been the greatest barrier to commercial extension with great satisfaction and as holding out rich promise for its future commercial welfare.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson says that his election as governor will not bring about the millennium. If he were an ordinary politician, he would guarantee that his election would bring about any old thing.

"Paying the Piper."

The outlook among our good neighbors in Maryland is anything but promising for either party a week before election. To a close observer of Maryland politics, the cause is obvious. The ballot-box muddle in the Eastern Shore counties on one hand and the disfranchisement efforts on the other have so disgusted a large voter that he is impelled to keep away from registration and public meetings. The apathy in the State has never been so appalling.

Why? In pushing the negro disfranchisement amendment unrelentingly the Democrats have overstepped the limit. Let it be understood that this is not the time or the place to talk about the merits or demerits of that plan, but the fact remains that the Democrats are reaping what they have sown. Whether they intended to have the amendment react upon their foreign population is not the issue to-day, but these foreigners are impressed with the belief that that is the case. And Maryland is the very last State to antagonize its foreign population; for there is not a State in the Union where the immigrants are of a higher standard. While the tariff, in a half-hearted way, became the issue, factional strife made the house to house canvass, to which candidates had recourse as an "ultima ratio," anything but pleasant, and the result very problematical. It is safe to say that any candidate elected will owe his success to his personality, not to the burning questions of the day.

The emergency plan of the Republicans to push the campaign through district committees seems to have this advantage over that of the Democrats, who insist that everything go through the headquarters of the State central committee—that it brings the voter into direct contact with those to whom he is personally known and those who know him, his desires and affiliations, thoroughly.

Uncle Joe still wisely keeps away from the firing line.

If they will continue to build sea greyhounds like this Olympia, what a chance for the late hour "snugglers" on board when it takes even a fast guard an hour to cover the entire length of the deck?

It is easier to establish fifty public institutions than to abolish one. Secretary Meyer is apt to find that out.

When Mr. Loeb was appointed collector of customs in New York, there was quite a howl in the opposition press about that "fat and idle" job for Mr. Roosevelt's pet. Mr. Loeb has had anything but an idle job.

N. O. M. says the New York Republicans this campaign have no machine. Has he really overlooked their "talking machine?"

The divine Sarah, on her arrival in this country, denied to her sister suffragettes the story that on the present trip she carried her coffin with her. Pointing to her jewel case, in which she said she carried \$12,000 worth of jewels, she

purred: "This is the only casket I carry." The ruling passion strong in her death.

The Chicago young man who spent \$300,000 in two years is now perfectly qualified to act as mayor of any municipality.

And now the Purity League reports that New Orleans is one of the wickedest cities in America. Probably another boost for the Panama Canal exposition.

It is said that Japan is planning to spend \$400,000 on her navy. And neither Hobson nor "Fighting Bob" has said a word.

Mr. Barnes, of Albany, sulking! We do not believe it. Who ever heard of a man sulking after being kicked down stairs?

England will celebrate our election day by hanging an American dentist.

Senator Bristow says that Kansas is unanimous in sentiment; in other words, they are so prosperous out there they have no time for politics.

The Chinese Senate, only three weeks old, is crying for reform. They must have much-rakers over there, too.

The contrast between the swift and orderly process of the British criminal law in the Crippen case, as compared with what we are accustomed in similar trials in this country, at last is arousing attention.

"Americans want nothing cheap." This is not a cheap country, "was what Vice President Sherman, among other things, said the other day in his speech at Raleigh, N. C. Well, this is one view of the high cost of living, but how about the housewife, the mother with a lot of little ones to feed? No doubt she and hers are as good Americans as the rest of us—and yet, and yet—

Since a court has decided that a wife has no right to collect damages from a husband who beats her, she will have to abide by the old and well-established rule of rifling his pockets while he is asleep.

Political "ethics" would be a hollow, meaningless word without political "bonesty."

Abuse is a poor substitute for argument, even in politics.

Just one week! A lot then will be forgiven, and still more forgotten.

The efforts to master the science of aviation have resulted in another harvest of death.

Marse Henry remains "semper idem." Reading in a Republican contemporary that the Dutch soon may have the benefit of a high tariff, Mr. Watterson replies in his Courier-Journal: "Oh, no; not the Dutch; just a few of the Dutch. The rest will be skinned."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE MAIN EXHIBIT.

In fall, these things are due, And we, of course, Have shown devoted To the noble horse.

He horse is on display In many towns; Likewise a brave array Of winter gowns.

The judge, serene and grave, If he be wise, Will let the clothes-horse have The major prize.

No Going Back.

"You say the elopement was sort of forced upon you?"

"Yes; after she came down the rope ladder, her dad pulled it up."

Nothing More.

"I hear you are expending huge sums on that Panama Canal."

"Nothing to it. We are simply trying to make both ends meet."

So We Did.

"The Chinese, with their pistals, are 3,000 years behind the times."

"Oh, no. Just 100 years. We wore 'em ourselves up to that time."

Mother Goose Revised.

There was a young couple Who lived in a flat, They had but one child, and The management kindly overlooked that.

Style and Surgery.

"Shall I pierce the baby's ears, so she can wear earrings?"

"Yes; and while you are about it, kindly remove one leg. Then she can wear a super-hobble, if she likes."

His Viewpoint.

"Be careful, chauffeur. Don't run over any babies."

"I won't, sir. Then nursing bottles plays hob with tires."

Two Neglected Sciences.

From the Kansas City Times.

Until a few years ago there were two pursuits in which it was assumed any one could make good. One was running a city and the other was running a farm. City business is recognized now as one for specially fitted men. While politicians still hold many cities, they are being crowded out, and the old idea that a "business man" would make a good mayor is badly crippled.

So, more slowly, running a farm is gaining recognition as a business, requiring good sense and training in that particular business. Willingness to get up at 3.30 in the morning and work until half past dark at night used to be regarded as the one qualification for the farmer. Farm colonies, too, used to be founded by wilderness philanthropists who tried to make farmers of city derelicts.

But teaching farming is now one of the big and valuable activities of the Federal and State governments, and a business requiring good sense and training in that particular business. Willingness to get up at 3.30 in the morning and work until half past dark at night used to be regarded as the one qualification for the farmer. Farm colonies, too, used to be founded by wilderness philanthropists who tried to make farmers of city derelicts.

Neglect of the sciences of running the city and running the land has been very costly. No other country than this could have stood the neglect half so long. Happily, even the American people have at last awakened—it still sleeps—to the necessity of taking those two sciences in hand.

The Light that Failed.

From Cassell's.

"Uncle, will you please pick the wick off this candle?"

"Certainly. But why such a strange request?"

"Cos I heard dad say we should get a fortune when you snuff it."

An Unsolved Problem.

From the Dallas News.

Percy Noodles declared that he has lain awake half the nights for a week trying to imagine how a girl in a hobble skirt would ride a bicycle.

POLITICAL COMMENT.

Out of Politics.

Charles S. Mellen, president of the Hartford, Boston and Maine Railways, has told a gathering of friends in his boyhood town in New Hampshire that his railroads will leave politics alone hereafter. He said they would not try to elect members of Congress, they would give no bribes, and they would abolish their lobbies, reserving merely the right to send counsel or experts to attend open hearings of legislative committees and executive departments, when their interests may be thought to be at stake. Mr. Mellen has since renewed this pledge in a newspaper communication. This is an example for copying. The Boston and Maine, lately under other management, has been a particularly hardened sinner. It has dominated the politics of New Hampshire, and it has had a big "say" in Maine. Maine has elected a Democratic governor, and is about to elect a Democratic senator. The New Hampshire Republican party is controlled now by insurgents. It was time for railroads to fall in line.

Who?

In presenting the proposition that the best way to prevent the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 is to permit him to consolidate his political power in New York and the East in 1910, Senator Root said:

If it should happen that the administration could hold its own, together with the national convention would be quite likely to look for a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness, and they might go to Mr. Roosevelt, who might be one of the few radical leaders who are now loomed up on the political horizon in the North and Middle West.

It would have added somewhat to the interest in the warning and the alleged prophet, if the prophet had named a few of the possible Mosesses now loomed up on the Western horizon who are "far more radical" and dangerous than Theodore Roosevelt.

Like a Standard Omelet.

From the Dayton (Ohio) News.

The political situation at the close of the last week but one, before election, is as easily understood as an omelet. A standard omelet consists of three eggs—a good one, a bad one, and a broken one—broken together, stirred, browned on both sides and garnished with anything at hand. The good egg and the bad egg and the suspicious egg are no longer eggs, but omelet. Instead of eggs, however, we have Foraker and Garfield and Roosevelt and the State Republican committee, the nothing of the Republican candidate for governor, who, in this case, reminds one of the garnish for the omelet, for, while the garnish may improve the omelet, it cannot save it, neither can the omelet save the garnish.

Cumulus a Disappointment.

From the Arkansas Democrat.

The acknowledged leader of the insurgents, Senator Cummins, has been hailed by the Democrats as one of the wisest and best men in the country. They stupidly misunderstood the meaning of insurgency. They thought its purpose was to destroy the Republican party, whereas its whole aim was to accomplish certain reforms in the party. It is a fact that whatever the result of this fall's Congressional elections may be, the Republican party has been made stronger by insurgency directed against the Cummins-Alrich machine. Senator Cummins took pains at Chicago the other day to state his views of the duty of Republicans, and there is no comfort in these views for our Democratic friends.

Votes at Auction.

From the Los Angeles Express.

We have never read a more astounding political communication than that addressed by the "Bole Club of the State of California," incorporated August 16, 1909, to the chairman of the Republican State committee in effecting the result of the vote of "some 10,000 war veterans," who saw service during the Spanish war. Their votes are as much offered for sale to the highest bidder as if they were put up on the auction block.

One B. A. Forrester, the president of the State Bole Club, offers to endorse the Republican ticket provided the Republican nominee for governor first promises to bestow certain desirable offices upon such men as the Bole Club shall indicate.

Mr. Sherman Sidetracked.

From the Norfolk Landmark.

His services in New York State being undesirable at this time, the Republican Congressional campaign committee drafted Vice President Sherman for spellbinding in North Carolina. There is no love between Mr. Sherman and Mr. Roosevelt. All of "my policies" and "my Jim's," and it would have been inevitable that the boss and the beaming one would have been preaching from different texts. That would never do. The Big Stick again would have prevailed, and the present exile would have gotten off lightly with nothing more than initiation into the Crook and Jackass Club, recently started in Indianapolis.

NEW DAILY IN NEW YORK.

Proposes to Print News of the World in Condensed Form.

New York is to have, if the announced plans are carried out, a daily newspaper on entirely original lines. It is to be known as the News-Letter and will be issued every afternoon at about half-past 3.

Ernest F. Birmingham, editor and publisher of the Fourth Estate, announces the appointment of William Henry Beers as general manager of that publication.

In order to devote his entire time to perfecting the preparations for the new daily.

The purposes of the News-Letter, he states, will be threefold. First, to condense the news of the world for the benefit of the busy man of affairs, supplementing it by the latest news of its own. Thirdly, to expand the news of art, literature, music, the drama in its higher phases, education, religion, civic and social questions and the like to an extent greater than is possible in any existing daily publication.

The new daily is expected to have its first issue about December 1. The sale price will be 5 cents.

LURE OF DREAMS.

"Where do you keep your dreams, my boy? Your face it lit, and for very joy."

"Your feet are swift in the wind and tell me, pray, where your dreams may be."

"They are wonderful dreams," he made reply. "And I share them not with the passer-by. Here in my heart I have hid them deep. Here in my heart I have hid them deep. As men hide riches, but I must not tell. They are wonderful dreams and serve me well."

"Where are your dreams?" His face was tense with the toil of years, and the wagman's voice was hushed over the weary day's dream dim.

"Where are your dreams?" I asked him.

He raised his face in the late sun's glare and his eyes were dim with the tears of joy.

"They were wonderful dreams," he made reply. "And I share them not with the passer-by. Here in my heart I have hid them deep. Here in my heart I have hid them deep. As men hide riches, but I must not tell. They are wonderful dreams and serve me well."

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POOR MARIA PIA AN ILL-FATED WOMAN

No other European country watches the progress of affairs in Portugal with the same interest as does Italy, and the cause is obvious. The ousting of the house of Braganza naturally is of deep import to the Savoy family. The grand-mother of the boy king, Manuel, Maria Pia, is a daughter of Victor Emmanuel, founder of the present dynasty and exceedingly popular among the Italian masses. She was born in 1847, when Pio Nono had occupied the chair of St. Peter only a year and was arousing the enthusiasm of the liberals all over the world by his sanctioning the revolutionary movement in Italy which resulted in the overthrow of the Bonapartes and in the unification of the land under the Savoy rulers, whose soldiers were aided by those of the Vatican in the fight to oust Austria from Northern Italy.

The Vatican and the house of Savoy thus being so very friendly, it is small wonder that Victor Emmanuel, who had not yet ascended the throne at Turin nor shorn the Pope of his territorial powers, asked Pio to be sponsor for his new-born baby girl. This the Pope did with pleasure, even insisting that his god-child should be given his own name, changed to fit a girl. Hence her name "Pia." How Victor Emmanuel later liberally "cut" his wife from her share of his worldly power from him, and incurred the unceasing enmity of the church is a matter of history, but has nothing to do with the present talk on the "debacle" at Lisbon, only that Princess Maria Pia, when not quite fifteen years old, was married to King Louis of Portugal.

Was it a curse which the outraged pontiff placed on the house of Savoy, or had an unrelenting fate picked this princess for untold misfortune? Maria Pia certainly had far more than her share of unhappiness. In 1873, disregarding the papal prohibition that Catholic sovereigns were not to be guests at the Quirinal, she came to nurse her father in his dying moments. Her next visit, she imagined, was the saddest event that could happen in her life, when she came after the murder of her brother, King Humbert, at Monza, in 1900. Yet only seven years later she saw herself deprived of her son and grandson, who were shot to death while driving in a carriage in Lisbon, and now she, with her husband's family, is a fugitive from the land of her adoption.

If Dom Jaime flattered himself that the upheaval in Portugal might aid his claims as pretender to the Portuguese throne, his mind ought to be disabused by this time as to his so-called chances. It was his son who recently married Anita Stewart, the American heiress, and his whimsical doings when the catastrophe came that brought him into the limelight for a day or two. This same Dom Miguel made a great fuss at London and Vienna, resulting in the calling of a Braganza family council on the Austrian frontier.

There it was decided, says the Giornale d'Italia, that if the father, Dom Jaime, would renounce his rights to the throne, Anita's scapegrace husband might be put upon the vacant rickety throne of Portugal, if the sum of a million of American dollars could be placed in the hands of the Braganza family as snags of war. There seemed to be no doubt that, under such circumstances, Princess Anita's mother, Mrs. James Henry Smith, of New York, would provide the necessary wherewithal. The family council telegraphed her of the golden opportunity, but her reply was a surprise to all. She refused absolutely to aid in the manner suggested in the elevation of her daughter.

It is indeed a "sign of the times" that the days have gone by when it was considered a disgrace for members of the British aristocracy to embark in trade or to be associated with a money-making man. The most recent fashionable shop-keeper is Lady Angela Forbes. She has followed in the footsteps of Mrs. Heron-Maxwell and Mrs. Wellesley, the latter a flower store in George street, Portman square. She always has been praised for her skill in achieving success at bazaars organized for charity, and she does not leave her new venture to hired saleswomen. She superintends everything herself, and is there early and late to wait on her customers, who, of course, mostly are of her own circle.

English women belonging to aristocratic families who either serve or have served "behind the counter" are not few. About twenty years ago Lady Granville Gordon created a sensation by opening a hat store in Grosvenor square under the name of Lierre, which meaning "ivy," is the crest of her family. She soon gained a big custom. Mrs. "Jack" Cumming, a very popular London hostess, also made a success as a fashionable milliner, her creations for a time being all the rage among the smart set. Then there is the well-known hat store in Dover street, conducted under the name of "Levana." It was founded by Lady Rachel Vyner. Lady Warwick for years kept a "shop" in Bond street, dealing a big business in exquisite lingerie, frocks, artistic tea gowns, and garden hats, made by her own working girls on her Essex estate. Lady Bessborough, when still Viscountess Duncannon, kept a shop of the same kind in the West End.

There are other society women who even have made laundering their trade, though they would not permit their real names to be made public. There are others who have employment bureaus for servants, and they are a genuine blessing to their sisters in society at the present status of the sex. Lady John Knox has a manure establishment, and well-known society women have followed her example and derive profit and pleasure from their ventures as well.

Baroness Vaughan, "widow" of the late King Leopold of the Belgians, has grown peevish and grouchy since she lost her protector. The baroness, with her children, makes her home in the Chateau de Park, some thirty-five miles south of Paris. She was driving recently with her family in her barouche near the chateau, when a street urchin threw a chestnut at her trap. As soon as the "outrage" occurred the baroness caused the arrest of the lad, but much to her chagrin, the lord ordered a square meal for the poor boy and sent him home.

Perhaps the court might have "punished" the offender, but her ladyship, before taking the culprit to the police station, got out of her coach, gave chase to the hapless youngster, and, being speeded then by the courtiers, while she administered a thorough spanking to him. Then she took him to the station, lodging the charge of "attempt against her person." When asked if she really meant to press such a serious charge the "